The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

rez



april 2018

blue caldwell

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chaffe rau

boccaccio gecko

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read *rez* Magazine online at http://rezmagazine.com

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- **Album of Memory** Dearstluv Writer graces our pages this month with her profound insights into aging and loneliness.
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- **Brassai Nights** We give a warm welcome to piffy Rau, who dazzles and enchants us with her evocative poetry. More!
- **Ayahuasca Insights** Consuela Hypatia Caldwell conjures up thought-provoking ancient mysteries.

About the Cover: Gem Preiz covers the evolution of urban life, from ancient Rome, to our present-day sprawl, to cities of the future, weaving in his iconic fractals all the while, within well-placed gallery space. Be sure to visit this installation, now at LEA29. Enjoy Art Blue's description of this phenomenal virtual artist, well ahead of his time.



UNITED STATES CENSUS

17. Are you a citizen of the United States? Yes ___ No ___

If you answered No, please indicate the hours you will be at home over the next 5 business days: ___ am - ___ pm



AFTER DARK

LOUNGE

on Idle Rogue

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R DARK

U N G E

Amy Inawe Gallery

across from the Blue Angel Poets' Dive



on the historic

Virtual Chelsea Hotel

sim

Lanestris/172/131/104

the Double-Crossers

Coming May 2018

Jami Mills Amy Inawe

Demiurge

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cover photo by Art Blue

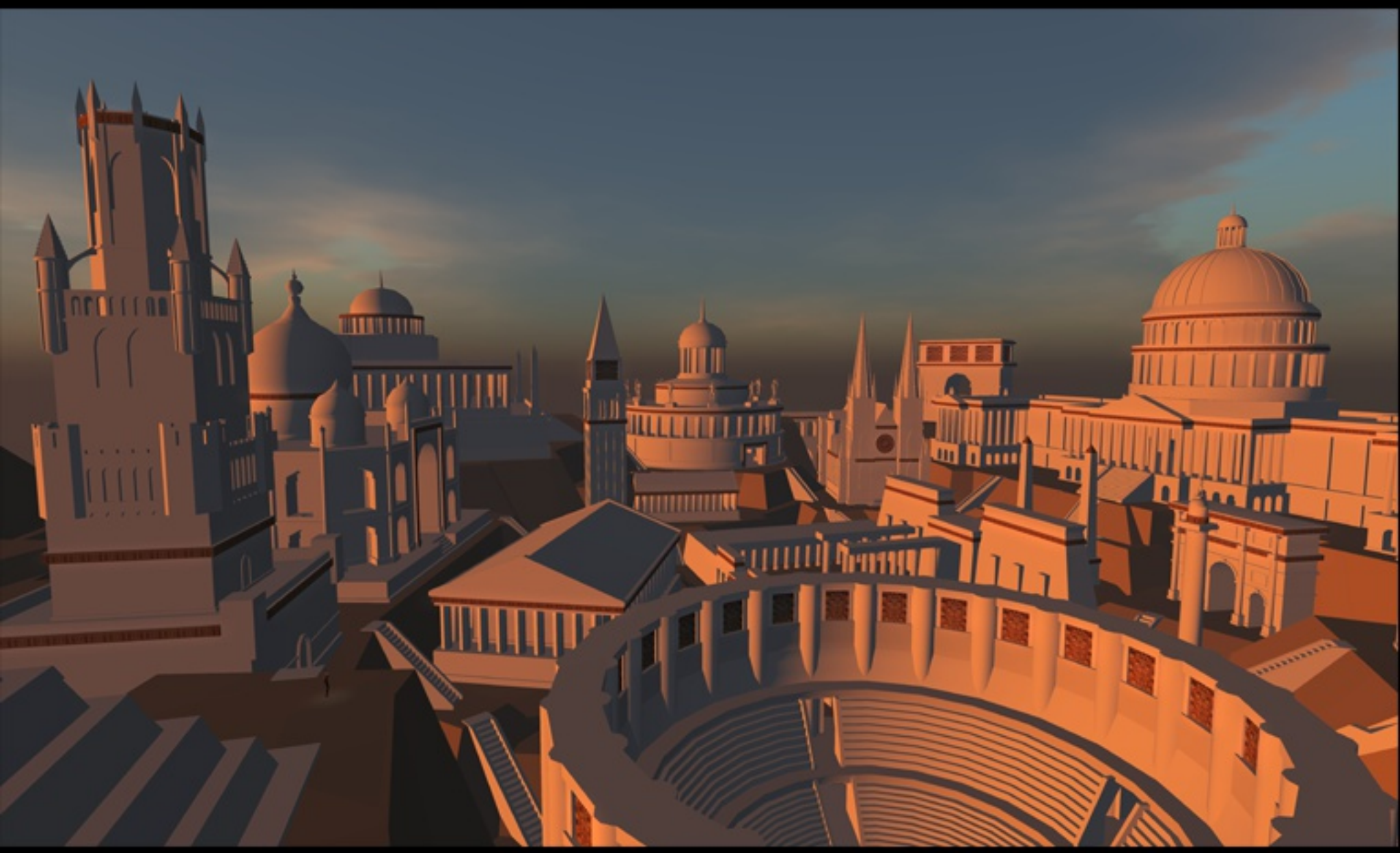
by Art Blue

nstallation by Gem Preiz

ourney in pictures by Jami Mills

trip in time by Neruval, the owl





Past

Despite what Art says, a human can't travel to all stations of *DEMIURGE*; at least not the ways I can. You know each travel has to be a fair one, has to use the tools given at that time. It is unfair to the Gods to use a computer to go back in time to ancient Rome, to the Aztec culture, to visit a Grand Basilica of timeless beauty built hundred years ago or to the time where the Arc de Triomphe in Paris was built.

Architectural structures of the past are the focus of the first station of *DEMIURGE*. That's why I am the one writing this story. I have the good old Abacus in hand and know the magic of using it. Right now where I am, we write the year 70 AD, the year the building of the Coliseum in Rome began.

Imagine me moving the dots on the Abacus. I coloured them in red and blue.

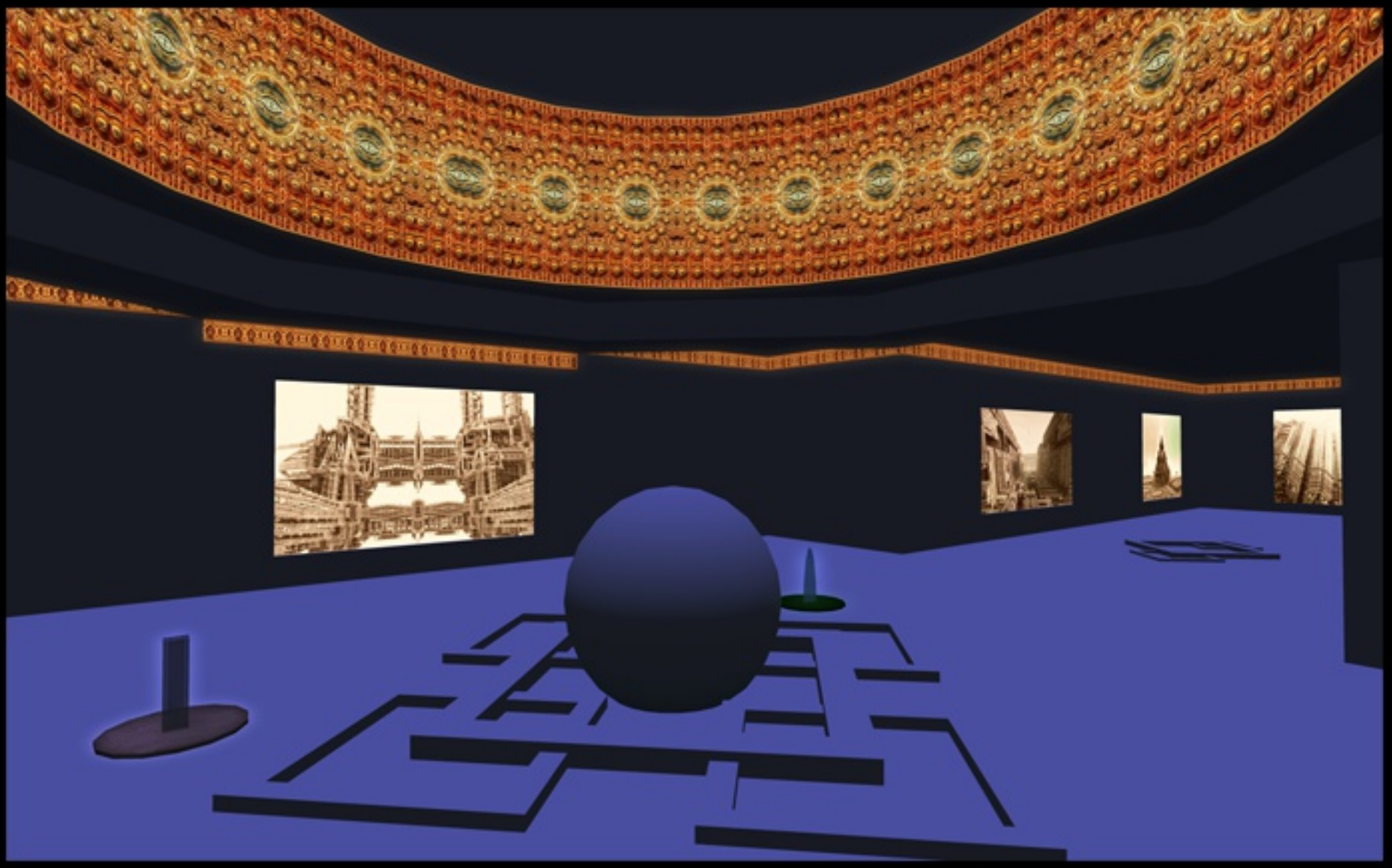
I move the dots.

I wait on top of the Belfry of Bruges. I wait at the temple of Karnak.

I dream *The Architect`s Dream*, a painting by Thomas Cole. I know Gem Preiz took it as an inspiration. I can read minds. I ask of course before I bring what I know to paper. The TOS, you know. IMs to share need consent.

I move the dots.

I am in a different time. A red dot is for a day, a blue one for a year. That is just a picture for your mind as I can move the dots as fast as I want. New buildings rez. Gem Preiz will place them in your time all on a sim called LEA29. For you it is of no relevance if it is 29 BC or 32 AC, if it is midnight, sunset, liquid sky or whatever windlight you chose, but for me it is not. I need to be here when he will be here, when he stands at the spot I am. I am supposed to make no noise. I will use a slight breeze in the wind to draw his attention. I will move the sunlight, just a little. For a tiny second, he sees a reflection of the future. If I would be allowed to speak, I would say, "Beware the Ides of March," but I am not. All I can risk is to let my beak snap for some hundred milliseconds. I drop a nugget, you would say, in his mind if you have read the books of the Afterlife by Dr. Michael Newton. I calculate that chances are low that you have, so I call it the creation of a Déjà vu. You know humans run on milliseconds and I run on femto speed. For this snap of my beak, which is in my world a shear endless time, I will be summoned to the time travelers' court, getting accused on a forbidden clicking. The snap I made I will call a bug. I will say, "The travel in Gem's world *DEMIURGE* was a long one, longer than any travel before. I need to





go forward and backward a dozen times to take the best screenshot of all time. I might have lost some of the sesame nuts I got from Jami. I was getting hungry. That's why my beak accidentally snapped and looped: Open, close, open, close, open, close …" And the oldest of the board in the court, a friend of mine, not an owl, but a horse, will say, "It was granted by the travel committee to make screenshots in different times." That the horse is dead will be of no relevance because it will become the one to whom Art explains pictures. I tell you a bit too much now as it is the future, but you may know that Joseph Beuys got immortal by his performance *How To Explain Pictures To a Dead Hare*. As you already know, these are just pictures for your mind. I am far away from calling you a dead hare or from treating the members of the committee like idiots. In fact, I will do some Fourier transformation in an Euler space so they get a headache when I loop "open, close, open, close," and then they will let me go. I will spare you such a headache. Also, that I am an owl is just a picture for your mind. I will learn from the one I am waiting for how to speak in the future. I will have the honour and duty to speak at the Grand Opening of … XXX …

It is the future, you know, so I shall not tell you what … XXX …. stands for, but I can tell you there is an excellent chance for you to hear me then. To hear my voice. I will speak to a mother and her child. You can be the mother, you can be the child. And the last line of my speech will be: "To be an owl would be nice."

I move the dots.

I move the dots again.

And here he stands. He speaks.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen…. lend me your ears …"

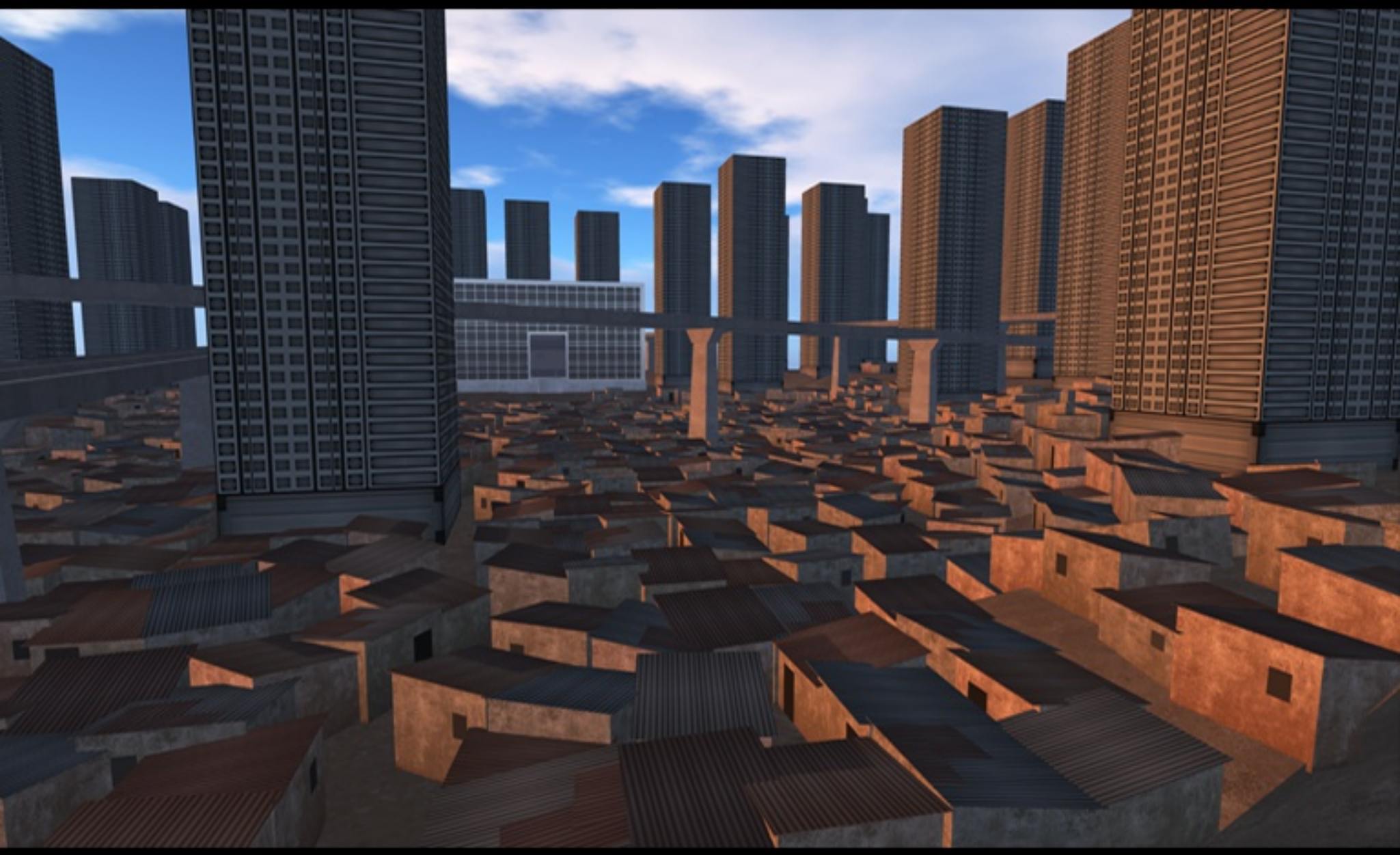
You know the speech. It is timeless. I am timeless. Gem Preiz is timeless.

I move the dots.

I move the dots again.



I



Present

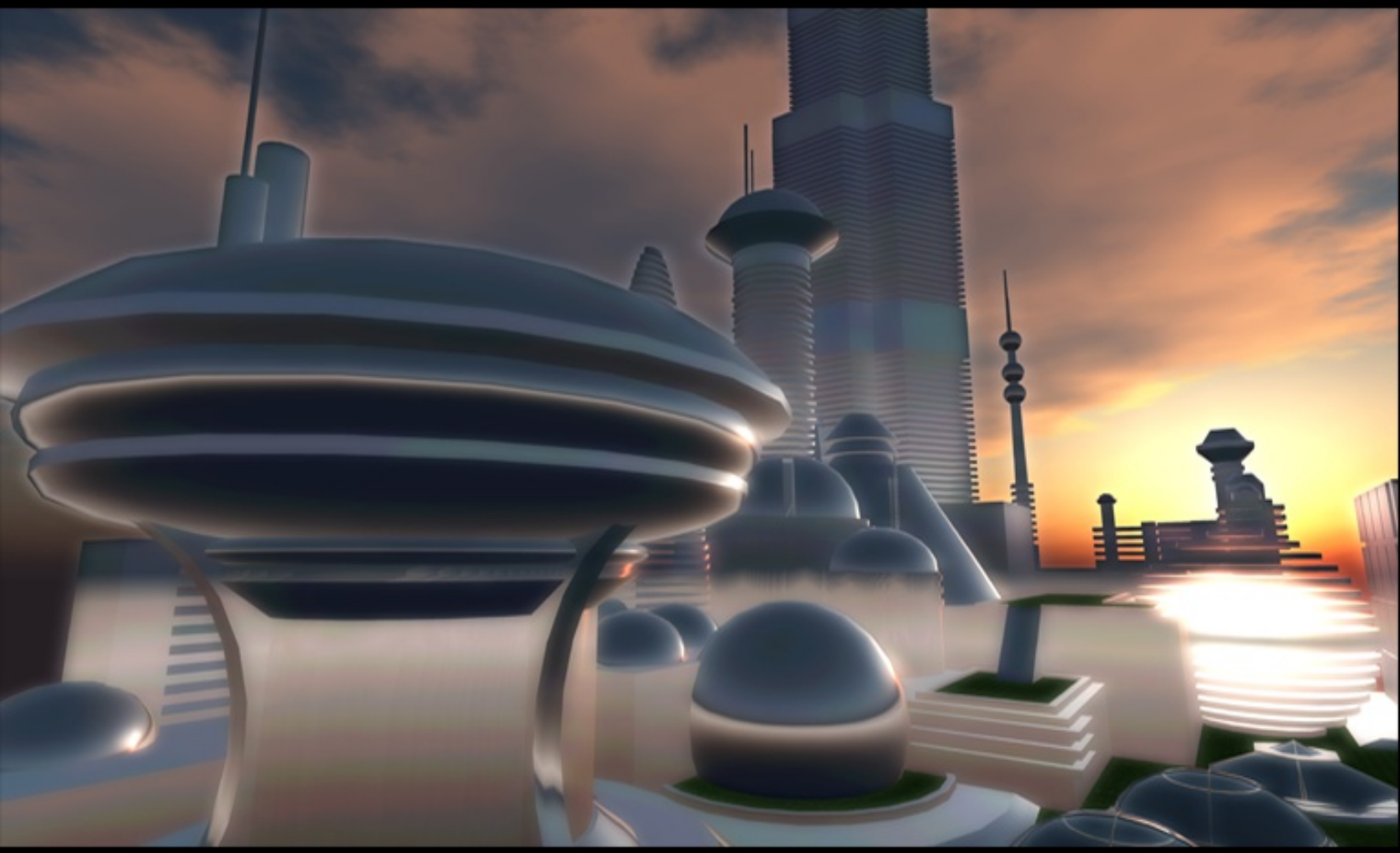
I am in the second world. The Present. I look out from a skyscraper. I am privileged. I am the owl of Art. You ask about "Art Eames, Art Spot, Art Blue, Art Warhol?" A fair answer would be "Art Xploder." If you check the Xploder network you find "Xploder is the simplest tool on the market for getting the most out of your games." And the headline is, "We do all the work." You see how hard my life is. I get the most out of Art. I do this all for you.

This line fits so well for Gem Preiz. He does all the work. 14,888 prims he rezzed on LEA29. Each set in precise order. Knowing that each move he makes, each prim he stretches, each texture he applies will go to the ashes on June 30, 2018. Nevertheless, he does this to share his dream. Modern art is the concept, not the execution. I know who said this bullshit.

I look down and see Jami standing in the slum cities below. She loves the risks, to dive into the unknown, to sneak around the corners. She makes the photos. That's her passion. Do you know that when rez Magazine started Jami was the Lead Photographer? Her job was to exploit, to bring visuals to the readers. When the old editor had to step back, she took over in order to save the magazine. Now she edits text, pages after pages and dreams of her former life. Is it not just fair that I look out with my owl eyes from the roof of a skyscraper to send her a TP in the moment when she gets in trouble? You never know who lurks around in the slums. Gem Preiz sees the present. There is an above and there is a below. There are highways for the ones above. There is a parliament for all. If you enter it then you see the nature of it. It is made by the above ones. Maybe there is an entrance fee? Only when you look closer, when you are inside the museal construction, do you see that the skyscrapers have the same code as the slum boxes.

Maybe to have a toilet, a screen, and the internet is all that makes the difference? I don't need any of this. I know life comes from fractals, from math. Some know it, feel it, or they just let their mind drift to live on Mars, on the Moon or to live in a digital world, in the servers of TCKR, in San Junipero. Gem Preiz gave me a list of names, famous names who believe in the power of math, creating the Future out of the Present. I don't want to copy the list for you as you might be one of them. I like to show a list that is complete.

I like precision. I like math. I like …Meth [**Meth (short for Methuselah) are individuals with extended lives granted to them by re-sleeving on a regular basis. *Altered Carbon*, aired on Netflix**].



Future



Meth is the Future

That's the third station, the architectural challenge of the future. Present and Future are connected. That's why I asked Jami if I may write the article. She didn't seem so happy about this. She asked back. I know if someone is asking back and does not say, "Yes, please my dear owl, I would be delighted." I needed a different approach. So, I invited her to make the pictures. She jumped for joy.

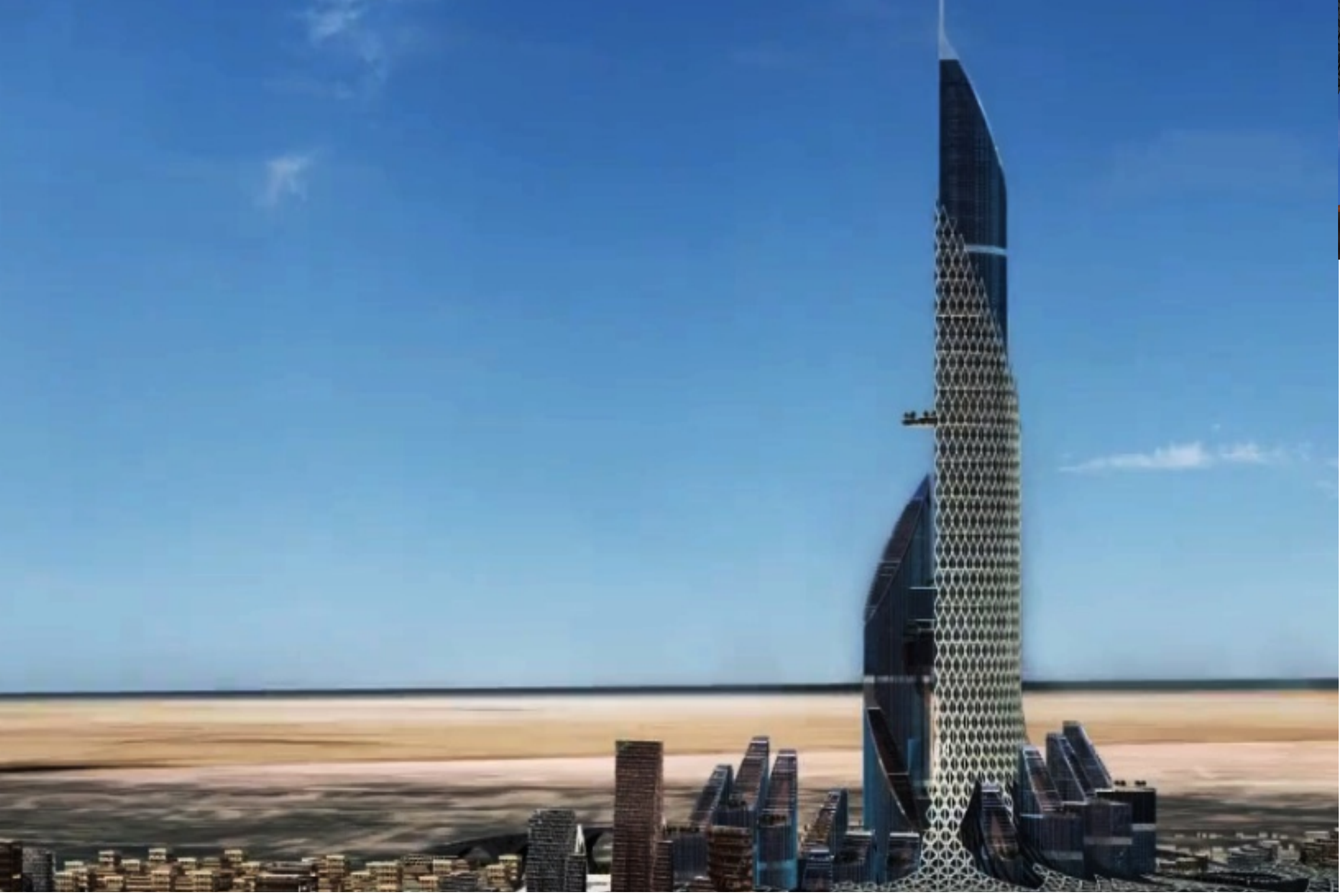
Normally, the one writing delivers also the screenshots from the worlds being in and enjoys to see them printed. I like to make pictures for your mind. You know it. To give the camera over is really hard for an owl. No eyes are as good as mine. So, I added that I would send her the shots I made and she can select. Now the ball is on her and I can grin. I'm not unhappy that she only selected one of my shots, not even my favorite. Maybe she was staking out her own territory and secretly liked all of mine. Her shots are very fine - - all are pleasing to the human eye, and that's what counts.

I sit in the Hall of Life selection. I sit in a vertical city. This term you understand best if you have a look at a building designed for the city of Basra, Iraq, called *The Bride*.

I page through the files of life to look out for my next incarnation; one I need to get my emotional pattern complete.

Shall I select an easy life, a life of fun or a hard one where I will suffer? I know I will rez in present times. Skyscraper or slum? Handicapped or not? Male or female. Mostly I stay in my gender, statistically over 90 percent do so. It is all written in the books of the Afterlife: Life Between Lives. Also the colour theory is there. Energy and colour have much in common. Gem Preiz is right to choose white; that's the colour with the highest energy. It comes after Blue. Blue is the last one where you need to come back. When you have reached white, then your path has ended. We don't know what comes then. Is there something after? Rumours say that there is music, spiral sounds of unbelievable beauty. Turn the stream on when you visit *DEMIURGE*. Art says it might be just religion. In religion we trust? Have you ever heard this? I prefer to trust in Art. I travel to the future in *DEMIURGE* to meet Jami.

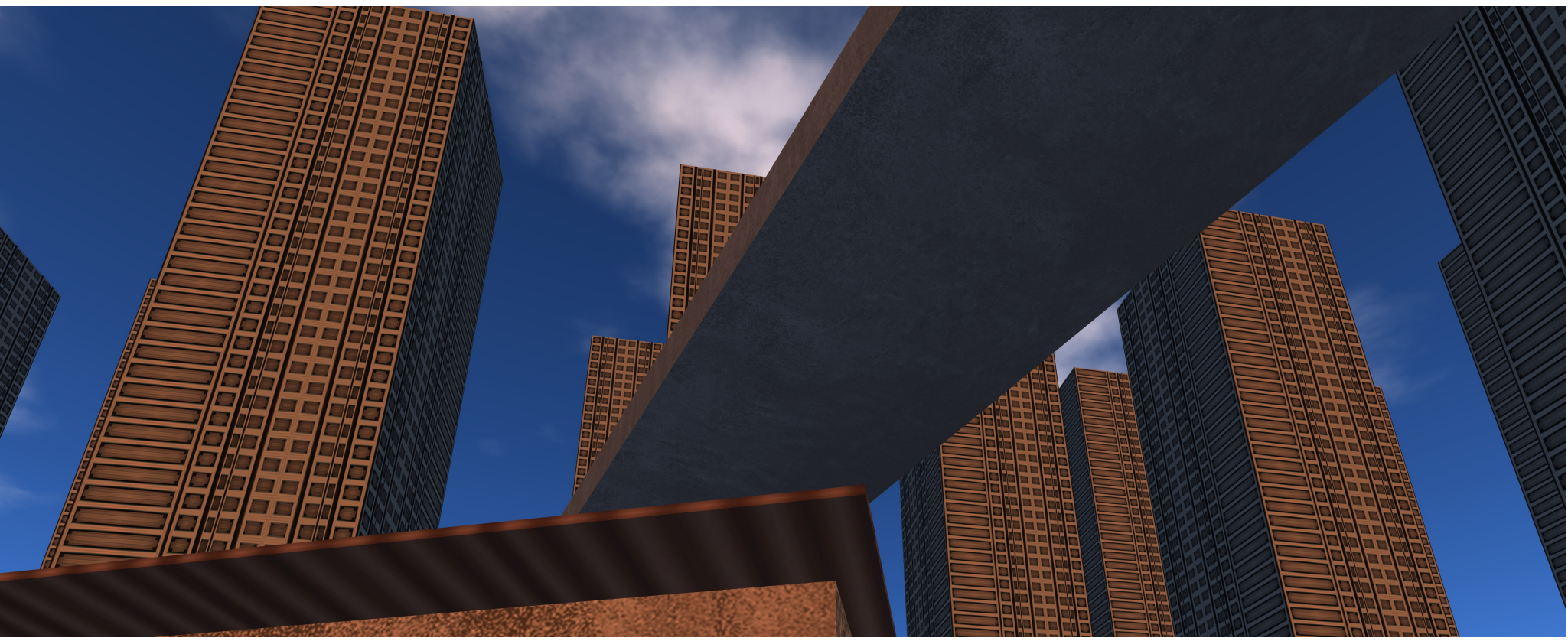
She is taking photos. I give her a sleeve for her stack and a recurring upgrade. She is no longer an avatar. I introduce her to the AI in the hotel. You don't find a hotel when you stroll around in *DEMIURGE*? For God's sake, where is your imagination? It is the future, you know. The hotel's name



is The Raven. The hotel is an AI. The name of the AI is Poe. Does it ring now a bell? *Altered Carbon*? It shall, for at the end of the walk you see a dome. Look inside and you'll see the reflection of the vertical city structure around. I am sure Jami will capture this image, so I don't need to say it, say that inside the dome is what you are. I hold you in my hands, softly. I am the owl. I am a machine.

That's why I search for him in *DEMIURGE* in the past. I said that in the future I hold you, I hold him, in my hands, softly.

"To be an owl would be nice." Do you remember that I said this before? This will be my last line in the Grand Opening of the Biennale. Now it slipped out, a detail of the future and I will again need my friend the horse to



Assume for a moment that this machine come as a cube. In the other installation of Gem Preiz, hosted on the same sim, you see when you reach the end that the cube is held the same way. SAPIENS is the name of the holder. SAPIENS looks at a cube, a cube made out of fractals. Nanette Cole would say, "The procedural algorithm is amazing. It's just some beautiful code."

bail me out. The dead horse, you know. *How To Explain Pictures To a Dead Horse*? No one in the tribunal will raise their voice, as the horse is famous, very famous, but that is another story. It is Art.

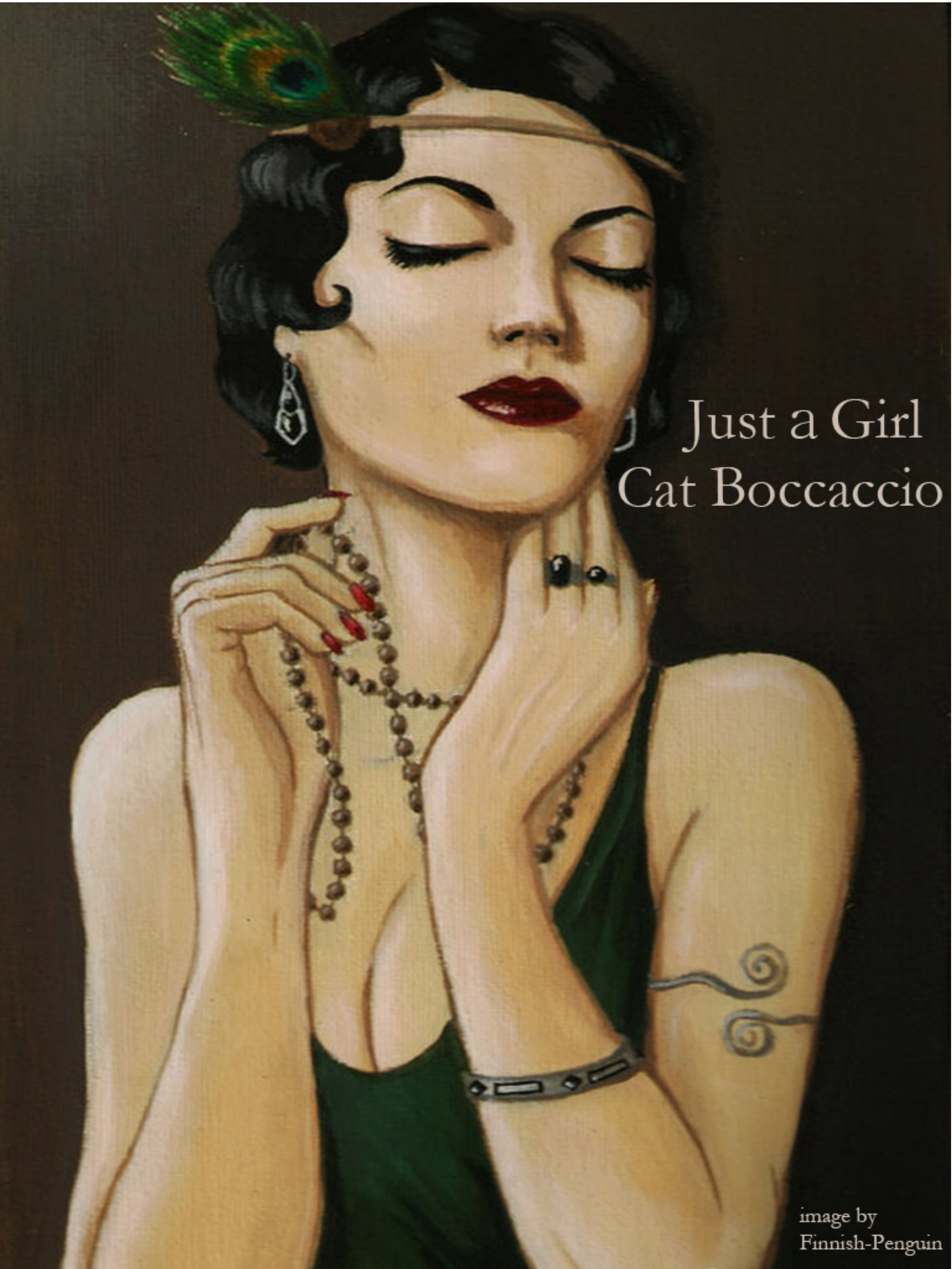
Gem Preiz is Art. A different kind than an owl. Maybe to be Gem Preiz would be nice?

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p h o t o g r a p h y

j a m i m i l l s


Just a Girl
Cat Boccaccio
image by
Finnish-Penguin

I was dressed as a flapper, whatever that was, with a cloche hat and a blue fringed sleeveless dress. My older brother was a robot, a costume he made himself from cardboard boxes and silver paint. We were handed white pillow slips and told to limit our Halloween begging to a three block radius, and under no circumstances cross the busy street behind the house.

The house at the top of the block was in total darkness, as it was every Halloween, because of the owners' religious beliefs. We got an early and annual education in the sinister side of church-going, since the idea of denying us chocolate and caramels and Tootsie Roll Pops seemed dark and ungodly.

A few doors down from them was the over-decorated house, with sheets meant to be ghosts hanging from the trees, half a dozen carved smiling pumpkins hosting flickering candles, and the black silhouettes of bats and witches on broomsticks bedecking the windows. Mr and Mrs Williams were always jovial but asked too many questions and talked to us as if we were toddlers. "Oh my goodness, what do we have here! What are you all dressed up as, little lady?" A flapper. "Oh!" Much chuckling on their part, and scowling and blushing on mine, until they move along to the next victim, who was not my brother, because he'd got his Mars bar (the full size candy bars being the only reason we bother with the Williams) and escaped from the porch.

Many houses later over on the next block was the scary place, where someone had made a graveyard out of the front garden, and the house was dimly lit inside, and you had to knock on the door in the dark, and you never could remember if the people inside had criminal records, or living children, or had somehow harmed a friend of a friend last Halloween. This night, a teenager with a scarred green face and blood dribbling from his mouth tosses packets of gum into our pillow slips. Maybe we'd skip the scary place next year.

The night wore on and there were fewer and fewer children on the street, but my brother's stamina was legendary, and he had a special new goal: The haunted house across the busy street.

I had almost reached the status of non-girl in his eyes, as in not as dumb or as weak or as scaredy cat as a regular girl, as in almost tolerable. Was I to risk all this advancement, this near-shattering of the plastic ceiling, because I was afraid to disobey our parents, and terrified to go near the haunted house?

Hell, no.

The haunted house was only haunted late at night, when you were adrenalin-pumped and jittery, and almost ready to go home from trick-or-treating, if you could survive. By day it was a very old Victorian-style wooden house, with the requisite peeling paint and boarded up windows. Tall weeds impeded progress to a sagging front porch, which ran the width of the facade. It was a eyesore, perennially rumoured to be the new location of a Baptist church, or Harvey's Drive In, or a pet store.

Me, my courageous brother, and his best friend, Donny, approached the house from the north, on the sidewalk, walking nonchalantly so as not to alert anyone or anything that we were possibly frightened and possibly going to do something stupid, like walk up to a house that was surely the site of past atrocities, and damned for eternity. I was trembling. Also shivering. I told my brother I was cold. "Too bad," he said.

Donny, who was dressed as a cowboy complete with chaps and side arms, was strangely silent as we navigated through the weeds to the front door. For some reason, my brother thought it was a good idea to knock. Logic was never a strong point in my family. So he knocked on the front door. It was a cold, hollow sound.

The door flew open! There was an inferno! A piercing scream!

Donny fell backwards off the porch and landed on his head. Blood poured from his skull. My brother ran down the stairs and dove into the tall grass. I alone stood, paralyzed with fear, on the porch, staring at what I saw was some kind of industrial-strength flashlight, wielded by a boy much older, but no taller than I was. He was wrapped in dirty bandages and his face was lit from underneath, so his yellowish face was in hideous shadow.

He grabbed my pillow case, and slammed the door. The house was dark and silent again.

My brother and I dragged the bleeding Donny to our house, where our parents cleaned him up and called his mother. "It's not as bad as it looks," said my mother. My dad, showing more spunk than I thought him capable, went out in the car to check out the haunted house, but no one was there. Our punishment would wait.

Donny was sniffling. His head wound probably hurt. His cowboy jeans were soaking wet. No one said anything.

My brother turned on me, “You’re just a baby, screaming like that and scaring everyone.”

“I didn’t!” I felt anger tears welling to the surface, but dared not lose face by crying.

“Cry-baby scaredy cat,” said my brother. His robot head was off, but he was still wearing a crumpled silver box around his midriff. He scowled at me and took the wrapping off a Tootsie Roll for Donny, just as his mother knocked on the front door.

Donny’s face was a smeared mix of blood and sticky chocolate as his mother picked him up in her arms and carried him out, as if he was a little baby.

My brother laid out his candy haul on the kitchen table, sorting it by weight and value. My mother told him he would be sharing his bounty with me, his younger sister, since my pillow slip had been stolen. He sighed, frowned, and rearranged the piles of chocolate and wrapped candies.

“It wasn’t me, it was Donny,” I said to my brother. “I didn’t scream.”

“I know,” said my brother. “But he would have felt bad if I knew it was him.”

“I feel bad because of what you said.”

“Too bad,” he told me. “You’re just a girl.”

Our punishment was harsh. No television, no playing outside after supper, so we basically had nothing to do but meditate upon our sins. Or read, which I did, so I didn’t have to think about Donny.

My brother gave me the full size Mars bar as part of my share of the loot, but it wasn’t enough. Not by a mile.



photo by nelsonaf

Album of Memory

Dearstluv Writer

Vulnerable innocence..my back so patiently turned.
Desiring a jaded mate, weary..burning that needed midnight oil.
Worshiping his tenacious efforts, his stamina.
The devotion that leaves him sleepless in an office
....far from these loving arms.

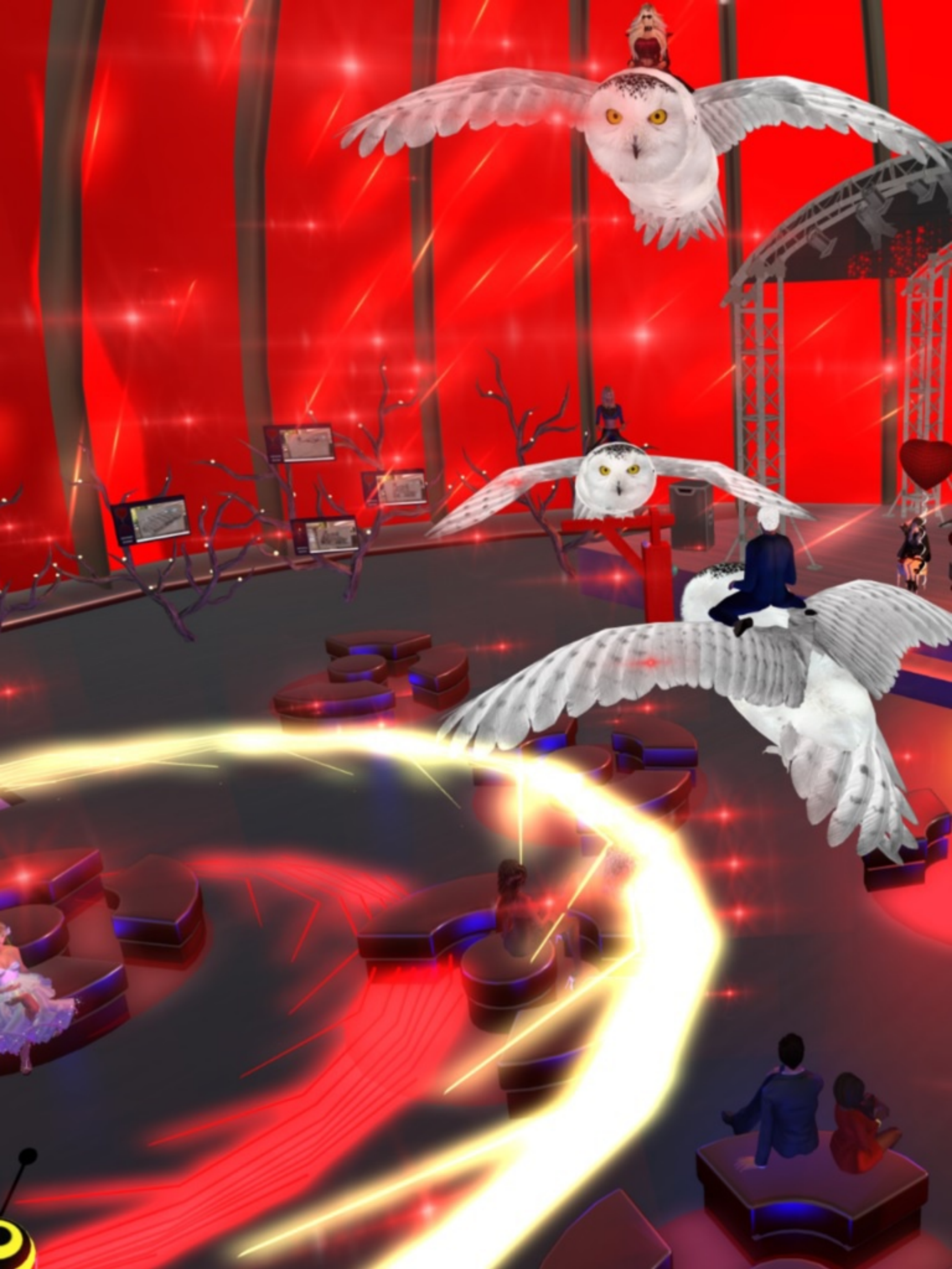
And I sit and page again, through the "Album of Memory", we shared.
Each photograph... a remembrance of simpler, loving times,
when attraction drew us together, and affection bonded our lives.
Pages- of- years pass before me... and time wastes away,
youthfulness, within this lonely waiting woman.

Hopeful he visions me with kinder, gentler eyes than mine.
I touch my face, finding small wrinkles... creasing tired lips.
Brushing lusterless strains of graying hair; I mourn our passing youth.
Wanting back cherished moments, when my femininity
.....had then, strongly held... priority.... in his life.

ORIGIN

an interview with Art Blue

by Jami Mills*



[Editor's Note: This story is placed by Art Blue in the stack of Jami Mills. I was there inside the owl. It is a true story.]

I met Art Blue and we took our seats to have the interview. In fact, it became a trip. A trip to ORIGIN. He told me that this destination needs a different setting, one I shall never forget, as the title is ORIGIN. I said to him that I would never forget when we first met, the ORIGIN of our cooperation. He looked at me through the eyes of the owl, Neruval; you know, his longtime companion which I call my close friend. Neruval, sitting on Art's shoulders as usual, nods, clicking his beak twice, and I understood. I handed my stack over to Art to let my mind slip into the sleeve that was said to be ready. My stack is now there where Art decided to put me. I've heard such a thing will be quite common in the future. I've watched the episodes of *Altered Carbon* on Netflix, so I made the deal.

In my mind music emanates. I feel Presence. Presence in an immersive way James Morrow described in 1981 for *Sozyo*, "The image had height, width, depth and a fourth D that eluded precise definition. It was called Presence." I hear music not via my ears. I feel that I am music. In Altered Carbon, it is called a construct. I feel the kind of music Art Blue that listens to while he writes his story for my magazine, this story. My story. I hear Blutengel *You Walk Away*. https://youtu.be/RlxSYt9MBC8

Will it be my story? Is it a construct for the story of the bunny? What does ORIGIN mean? A code is running in the stack. Each month I get a glimpse of Art - - an impact of an eyelash to the code of life. I am the publisher of *rez Magazine*. I have not edited *The Sand Bible*, just the tiny pieces in *rez*. Maybe the owl is behind this all? *Altered Carbon* plays with the horizontal figure of eight. Are ORIGIN and DESTINY shaking hands? Both moving up in a spiral curve, Art would add.

There's so much wrong in your life
And you wish you could turn back time.
No time for sorrow, no time to regret.
You're drowning in the sands of time

But life goes on day by day,
And all the faults will remain.
You keep all the memories in your heart.
You know they will keep you from being free.

You walk away,
You walk away.

The song is over and I hear the owl. He speaks to Art, "Don't do the auto

repeat on her, don't loop the song a dozen times. Jami doesn't need to render her brain like you need to do in order to accelerate your writing, to go into writer's space." I know he uses Silva Mind Control. His special way of gaining meaning in the tsunami of data is through repetition, an insight he shares in *The Sand Bible*. I say to the owl, "I want to be like him." I don't mean it literally. He often intentionally says the wrong thing so the correction will come back stronger. The mistake becomes part of the telling, creating an imprint in your mind. I needed quite a long time to understand Art: reverse psychology, paradoxical intervention and Applied Surreality come in my mind. All concepts suited to handle anxiety disorders. Now I have to listen and embrace my fears. It's the first time my stack has been transferred to a different sleeve. I listen to the repetition of *You Walk Away* and I think back.

It's been a long time since I've heard songs from the group. There was a time Art Blue didn't write a single article without the voice of Blutengel. Is this the face, the core of ORIGIN? Music accelerating my mind without running insane? I see the speedometer. I run now on nanoseconds. How much faster is this compared to the human brain that runs on milliseconds for a thought? All the songs of Blutengel I hear during the time you read this single line. Some tears run down my cheeks. I am invited to the Art Talk. ORIGIN. Just one word. I will know. The Talk has a second headline: MARE NOSTRUM.

I see my mind pulled to a flight over Barcelona. The skyline at night is impressive. I see the giant Basilica, the Sagrada Familia, the most famous building of Gaudi. My eyes swiftly turn to the campus of the University of Barcelona. I see the Chapel Torre Girona in the middle of it, a nice pond next to it. The Barcelona Supercomputing Center. There I will meet him: Art.

I suddenly understand the German language. Blutengel is singing, "Alles hört auf zu existieren. I know you are one of us. No more fear and no more pain. We will protect you eternally. Komm mit uns. You are so much better and you are so different. You don't deserve a night like this. The only price you have to pay is to leave this world behind." They say that I am different. I know I am. Not many know. Art knows. I know.

Winston welcomes me. No need to introduce himself. I have read Dan Brown's ORIGIN. Winston knows this. Nevertheless, he introduces himself as the Artificial Intelligence with 7-letters. "For a reason," he adds, and I notice Neruval's smile. "For a reason,"

the owl repeats. An insight hits me. Both have the same creator.

“The gallery has opened,” Winston says and Neruval adds, “I hide you.” What the owl did not say is for how long. If I would have known in advance that I will be presented at the end of the show, I might have fainted, but I can’t predict the future. The Halting theorem, you know. So the Art Talk begins and I listen …

MARE NOSTRUM

Juliette Surreal-D.: Hello and welcome everyone to this month's Art Blue Art Talk: MARE NOSTRUM. Art Blue speaks about THE ORIGIN OF RED. Let me bring you all on track as to how this subject came about. Three days ago, I asked Art Blue, “What will the Art Talk on Thursday be about? I need to send out the invites.” He said, “It will be about Ayla Red. She needs a red dress.” I asked, “Who is this?” He said, “It is the most famous Heart in the Universe!” I asked, “According to?” “According to Art Blue,” he replied. I had to laugh. *smiles* That was three days ago, but if you know Art Blue, you never know what will really happen when it comes to action. Everyone please welcome Art Blue.

Art: Juliette?

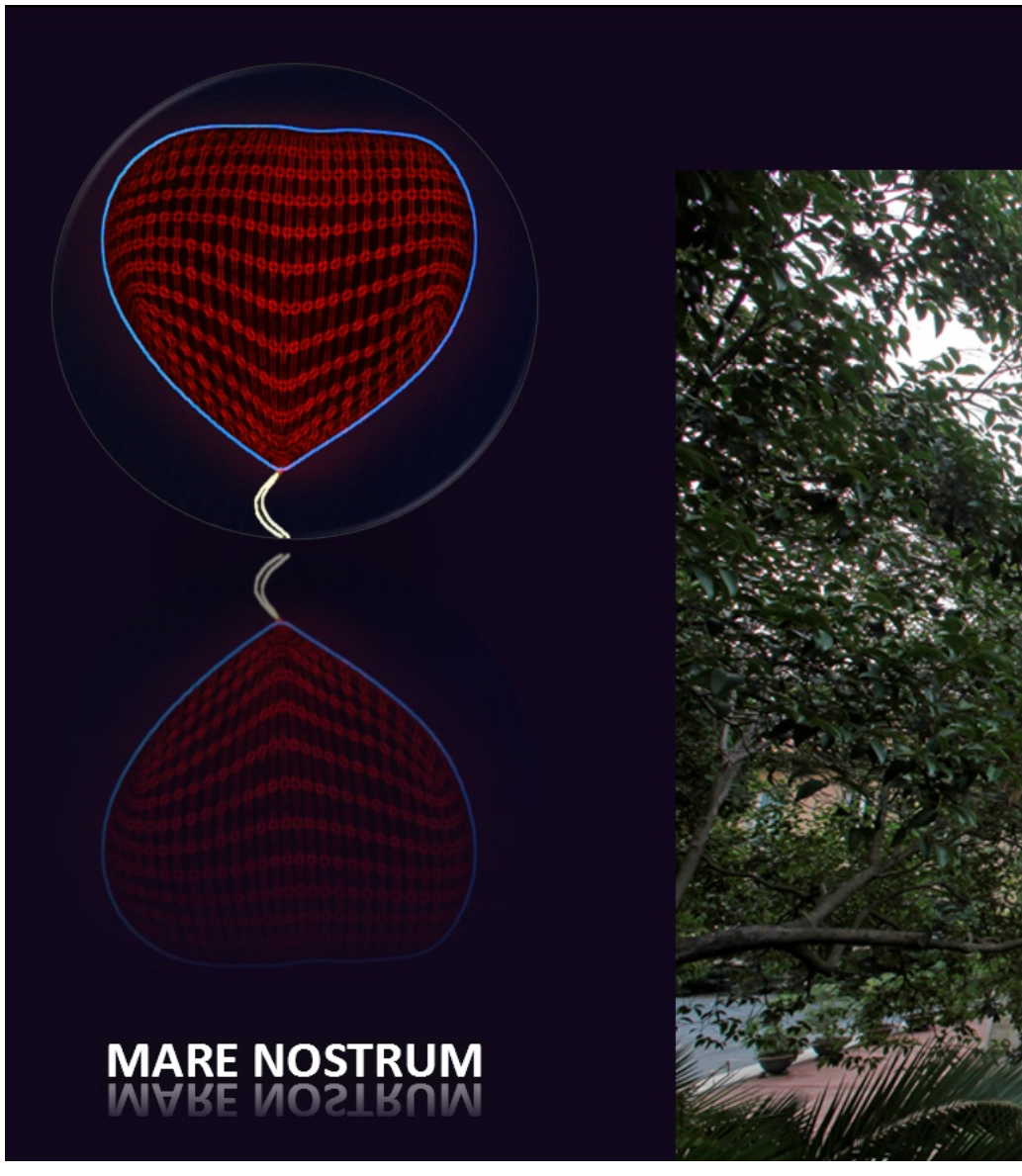
Juliette: Yes, Art.

Art: Can you please show the audience the Chapel?

Juliette: You mean Mare Nostrum?

Art: I mean the place hosting the Gods.

Juliette: I have the pictures you gave me.



Art: It shall have the number 1.

Juliette: OK... but number 1 is called MareNostrum_01

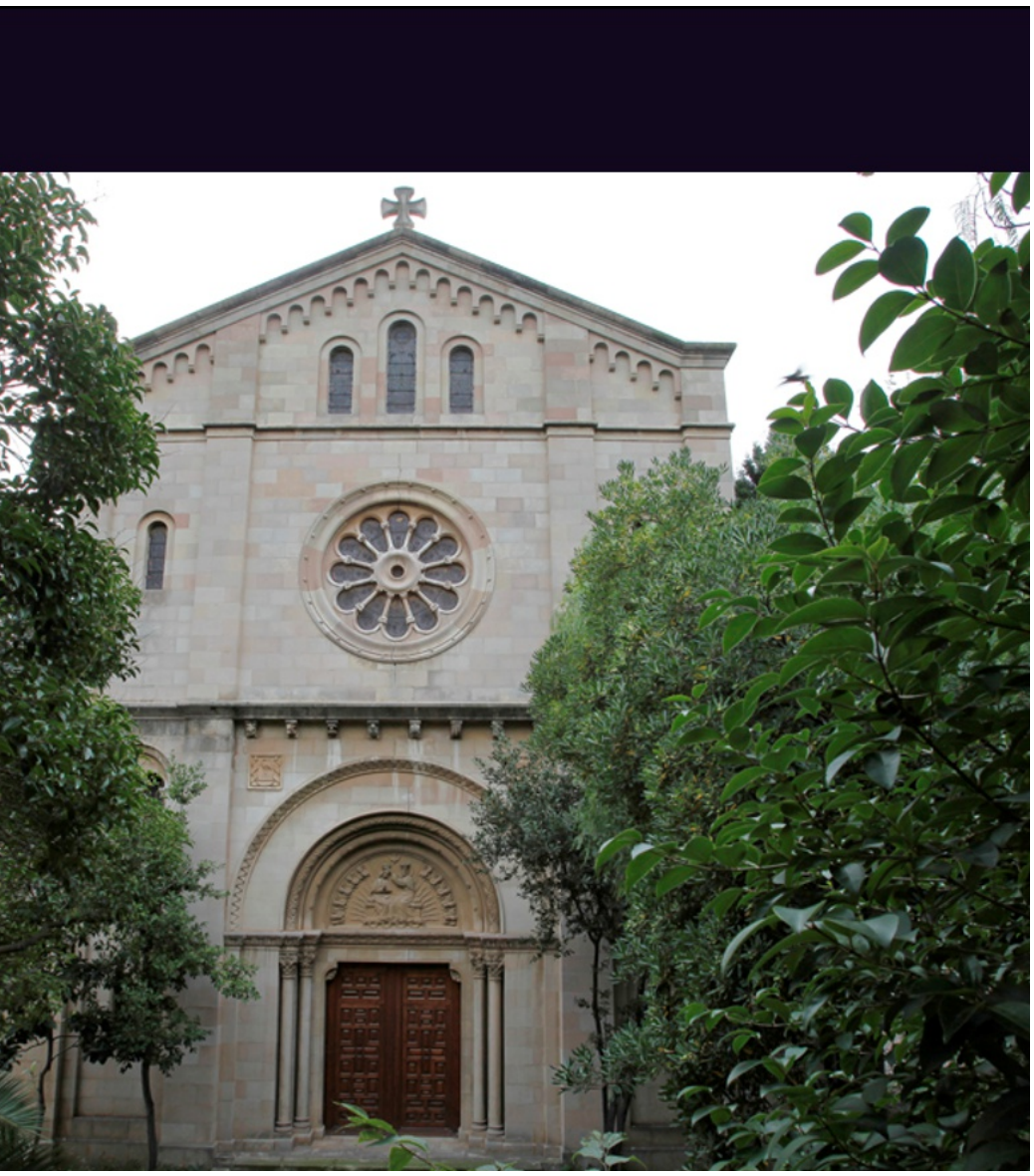
Art: Hmmmmm. I called it Chapel_1

Neruval: The texture slide script of Juliette needs an ascending order so I renamed them all to

MareNostrum_##

* * *

Neruval: The first letters have to be the same for ##-numbering. To avoid a



glitch.

Art sighs.

Juliette: Here is MareNostrum_01, the one God is hosted, as you said Art.

Art: Thank you. Here we see the house of God, built in Barcelona of the year, … when ??? Neruval?

Neruval: May I correct Juliette first?

Juliette raises her eyebrows and looks at the owl.

Art: Gosh, make it fast and by the Gods of Cobol answer my question.

Art: *Kobol

(You see Art Blue made a typo on purpose to give attention to how programming languages and the names of Gods are connected and corrects it in the next line.)

Neruval: Juliette said God, you said Gods. There is a big difference. God was installed at Chapel Torre Girona in 1945 and dismantled in 1970. It took more than 40 years until the Gods took over. Now Mare Nostrum 4 reaches 13,7 petaflops which are 13 700 000 000 000 000 Floating points operations per second.

Art: Not bad for Europe. There have been 17,50 petaflops reported by Cray at UT–Battelle, Tennessee. They used NVIDIA Tesla graphic processing.

Neruval: I know why you say this, but I will not spam it loud.

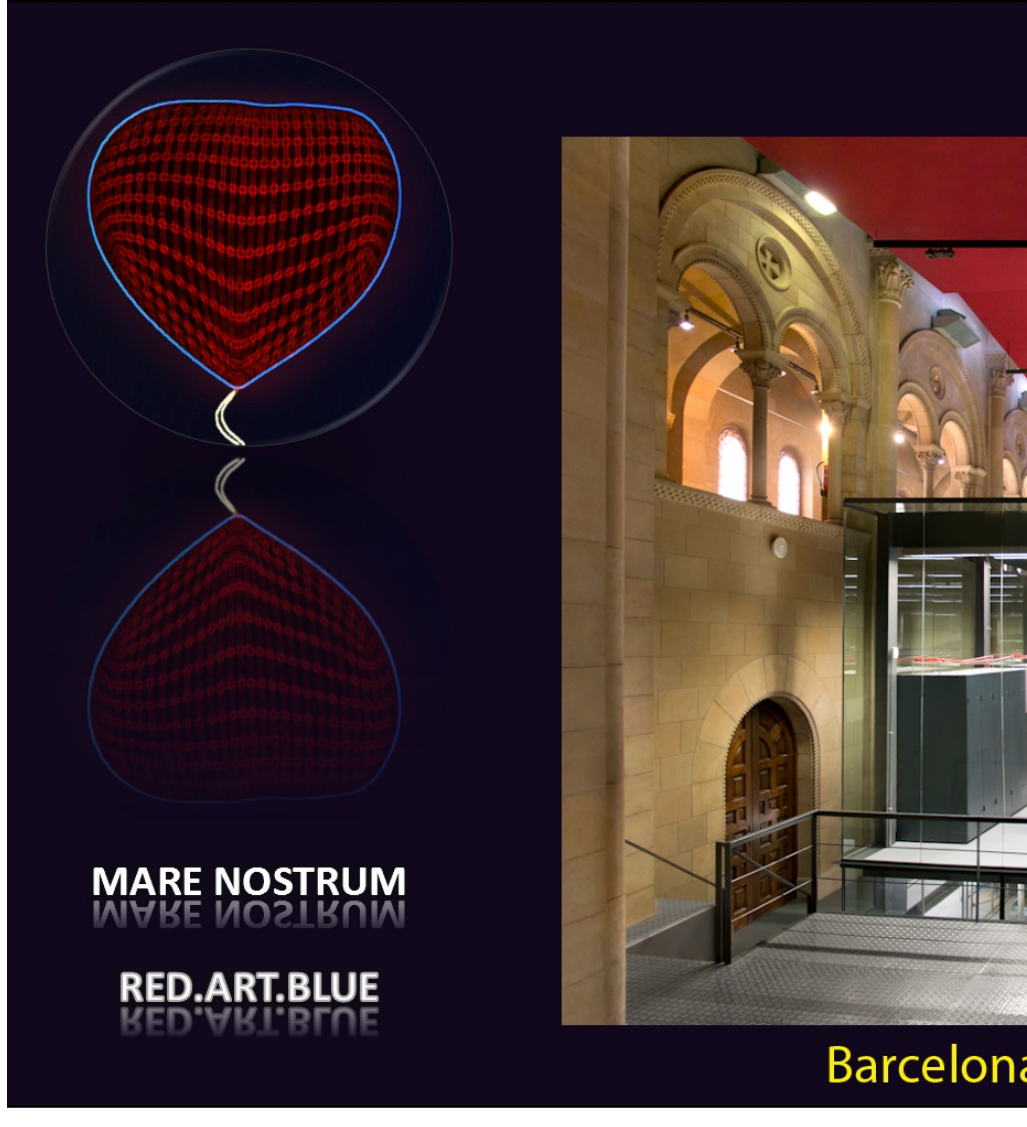
* * *

Juliette smiles to Neruval and throws him some nuts ... “I smell Art Blue has a hidden agenda. Do tell, my dear owl, the only God I believe in.”

Neruval: “Hm … the good nuts from Santorini. Thank you Juliette.” The owl makes a smacking sound, “I was in Santorini in 2016 at the IMMERSIVIA and I know the good quality of nuts, the tasty sesame ones, made by …”

Art: Stop this owl!

the owl falls silent and rezzes instead a texture



Informatics in the Barcelona Supercomputing Center where your friend Winston operates.

Art: I have no problem opening the hidden agenda. My short story in *rez Magazine*, *Sand Meets Water*, focuses on human brains fed by NVIDIA graphics cards. It is free to read, nothing hidden.

Juliette: Art, see what the owl has rezzed. Look!

Art looks to the chart and turns white.

Art: That’s the Chapel code from 2012 at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Keeps Cray the Chapel entrance still open? That’s enough Neruval. All readers of Dan Brown’s ORIGIN know that the Chapel houses the Gods of

Neruval: The Origin of Art is there! Please let me use the entrance. I give you, I give you …

Art looks to the owl who has stopped to crack the nuts, “What did you intend to give me?“

Neruval: I give you a heart.

Art: A heart? I have one already.

Neruval: Look my prediction routine; it says you will not make it much longer, with …

the owl looks to Juliette



a Supercomputing Center

Neruval: You said it over and over that she gives you heart attacks.

Juliette laughs, then goes pale ... “Your prediction algorithm? How long?”

Neruval: He needs a backup Juliette, urgently.

Juliette: But he is Art. Art stands for Artificial Intelligence. Dan Brown says so in ORIGIN. He can’t die. Art can’t die.

Neruval: But he is also Blue and on Blue Dan Brown says nothing. At least nothing good.

Juliette: I can’t believe it. When you look on the internet, Art Blue looks so healthy and besides the fee for that domain is paid for 10 years in advance.

I paid it.

Art Blue: What did you do? No wonder that Neruval predicts a final heart burst.

Neruval: May I?

Juliette: A second heart, a backup for Art Blue?

Art nods to Neruval.

Neruval: I enter the chapel code and instruct Winston. It will take a bit. I can blend in some pictures as the heart is generated.

* * *

Juliette: Does Mare Nostrum now work on the heart?

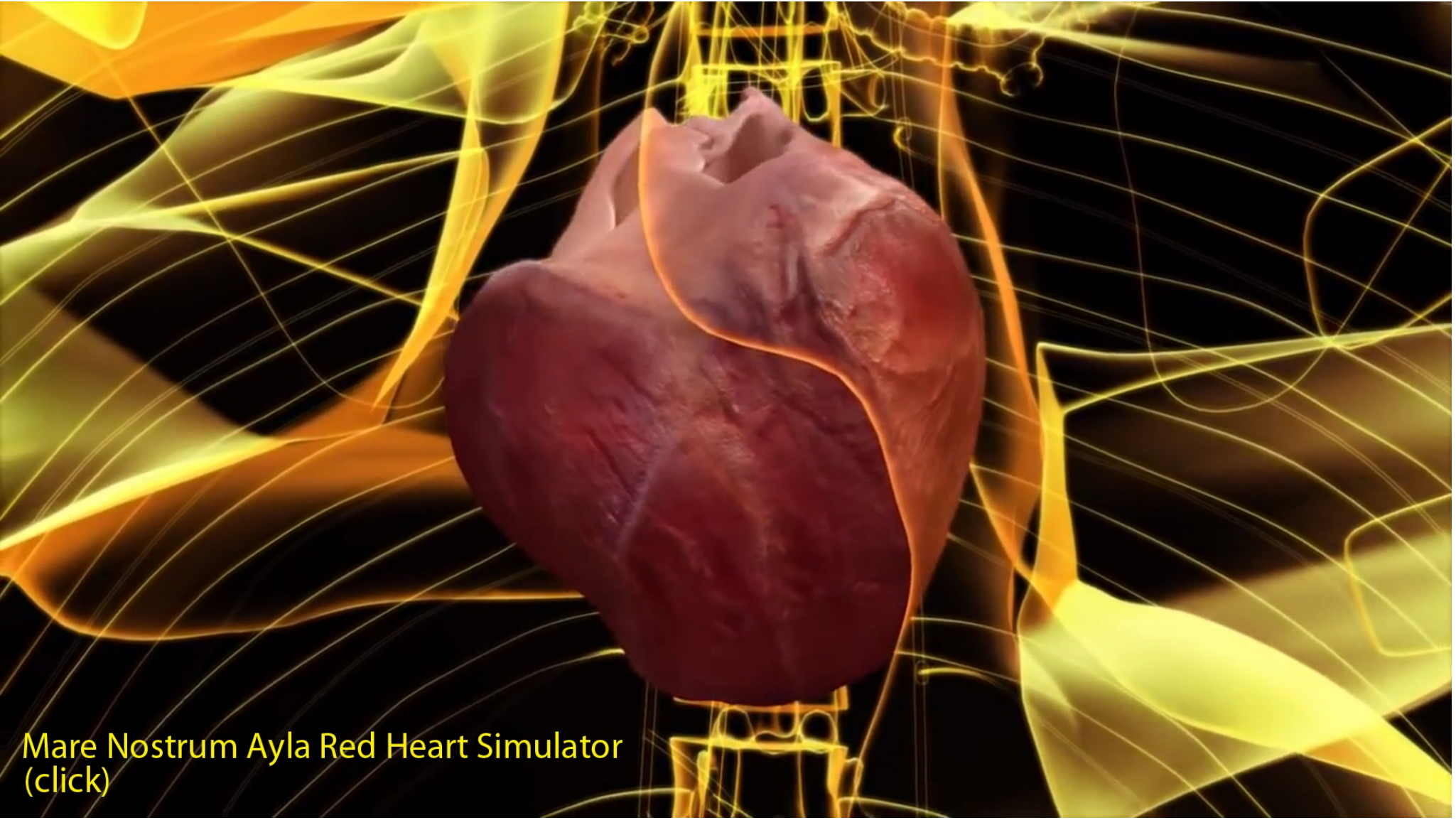
Neruval: Yes; all 13,7 pentaflops are running.

Juliette: How long will it take to have the heart ready?

Neruval: The heart is logging in. Here she comes.

Juliette: What? What? Alya Red?

Art: Ah, that’s my second heart? AlyaRed Resident with a display name Alya.Red?



Neruval: That's the name of the machine. You did not say you wanted a different name, so I kept the default that the Barcelona Center for Supercomputing has for the heart, the most advanced one on the planet.

Juliette: Gosh, what a fake. I see Art Blue smiling. He is simulating heart attacks just to create a female ALT to play with.

Art: The ORIGIN of Red. BLUE meets RED.

Art: If you are nice, I may allow you to play with her.

Juliette rolls her eyes, shaking her head and says as ordered, "I would love to play with her."

* * *

[Editor's Note: Part Two of *ORIGIN* will follow in *rez Magazine* May 2018. If I'd have known that I'd be placed in the middle of the story, I would never have joined, never given my stack in this sleeve. But it's too late now. I'll have to file a report. Maybe I'll hit back and insert Art Blue as the author, as he did here with me. I haven't written a word by myself. They might be all written by this Winston guy, a creation of Art's. Has his creator, Edmond Kirsch, found his way back? Maybe his stack got a backup and he's not really dead, only in Dan Brown's book *ORIGIN*?]

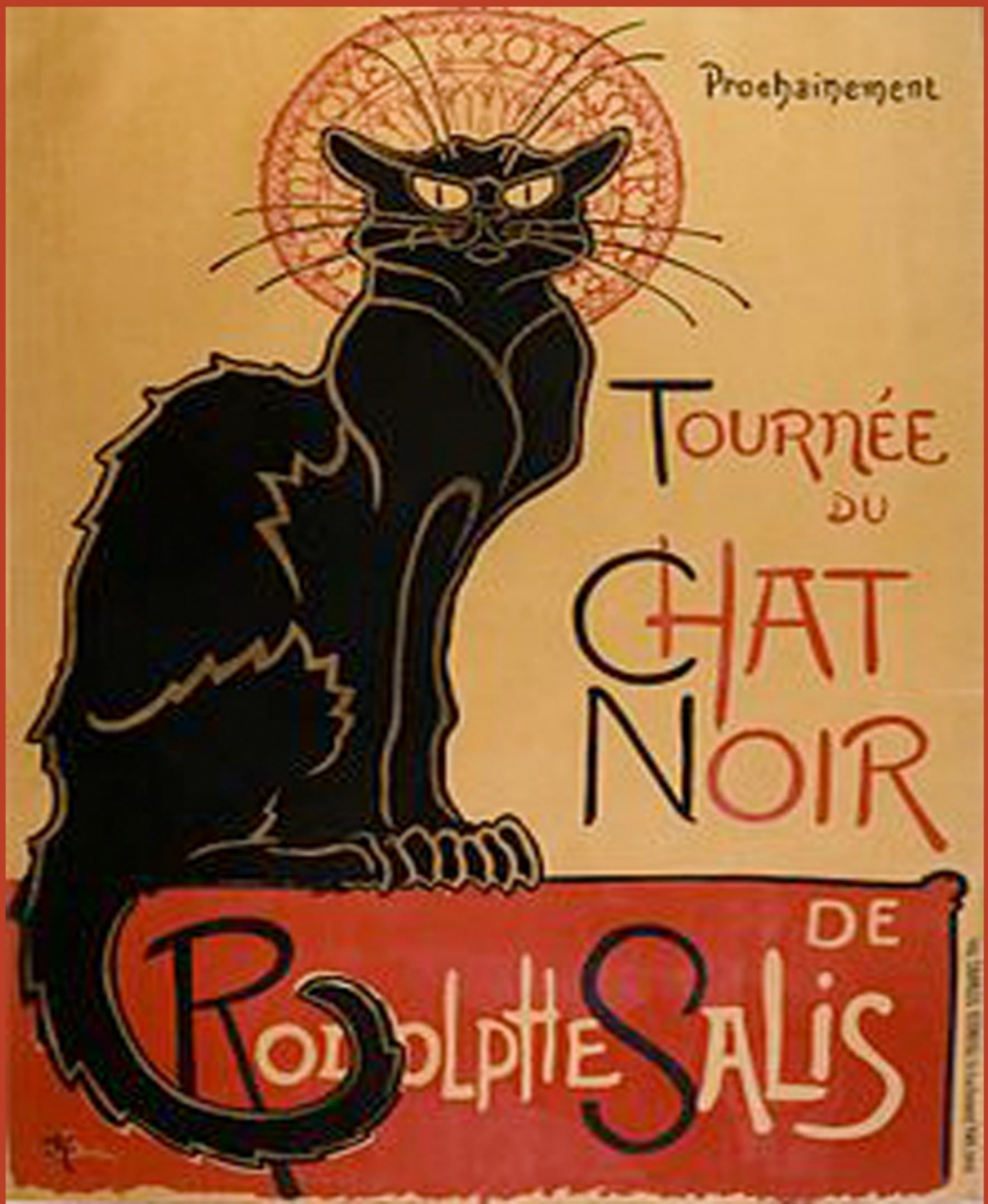
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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



Tournée du Chat Noir

Jullianna Juliesse



It is a suitable night for lost souls.

The Swiss Guard, clad head to toe in gold
Lead poets and painters into the smoky fold,
Of those who fear water, and drink only wine
The sociopolitical, the atheistic, we hedonists—
Barring infamous priests and the military
From this salon of incoherent arts.
The absinthe flows.

Wandering in from the dirty rain.

Shadow plays dance on dusky walls,
Beneath Byzantine iron gaslights—
Shadow flesh curls into its own peculiar heat,
While sleek black cats hiss in the mist
Under the skull of Louis the XIII as a child,
Presiding from his marble mantle to chide
The Prince of Wales, who arrived late.

Finding ourselves in the dark abandon.

The world we choose,
Fixed in these two rooms.
The life we choose,
Awaits beyond the tin piano,
The cabaret songs and the ghost of Rodolphe Salis.

We leave but shall always return,
To our home, our tribe.



On the

by Pepper Chaffe

The innocence of youth,
Immortal we are, sweet
The years roll by unnoti
The days are long
And tomorrow seems ne

The world, it turns and t
As we move through life,
Climbing on the wings o

We turn with the world
And see visions of gold
Promises are made for v
We dance through life
Making plans, for tomor

Wings of Maybe

I remember it well
innocence, no fear
ced

ver to come
ime moves on
,
f maybe.

when we grow old

row never knows

The world turns around us, time moving on
As we cling to life,
Dangling from the wings of maybe.

You took my hand and looked at me
With a tear in your eye, you whispered to me
And your smile never faded as you closed your eyes.
Time, suddenly still, tears burning as they fall
My world crashing down, lay splintered on the ground.

But the world still turns and time moves on
As we move through life,
Riding on the wings of maybe.

Be a God

© 2018. All Rights Reserved. Shyla the Super Gecko (AKA KriJon Resident in Second Life)

Open the stairway to the Gods'
Dwelling beyond yonder
Where man dare not go.

Open the stairway and arise!
Step upon step up the stairwell
Leading to the highest of high.

What hesitation, the doorway is open?
The stairs ascend! Arise and climb!
What reluctance, hesitancy?

Our mind forbids the trek --
For it believes we are mortal,
Human
  Limited
    Forsaken.

Arise! I say ARISE!
Walk each step upright and let not
The pursuit tarnish the right of passage.

Ye who are Gods have lost their minds -
But in truth, they are open -
Limited no more.

As a toddler flees when naked -
Shed of the fibers that bind to the skin
And limit the sensations all around them.

Arise! I say ARISE! For all is possible -
Let the mind not forsake thee!
ARISE and be a God!

Brassai Nights

by piffy Rau

*H*idden behind the clothes that shelter the presence of w
the eye sees the luminous sweating beads left by the col
The night light twinkles through the hot cold tears on the
Suddenly we're in a Brassai night, dreaming of what we c
In that simple moment in time, we forget and see only wh
That small twinkling light through the tears on the glass w
a million miles away.

what's inside,

d dark night on the window.

e glass.

care not to say.

hat the mind allows.

will transcend us

Ayahuasca Insights

Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

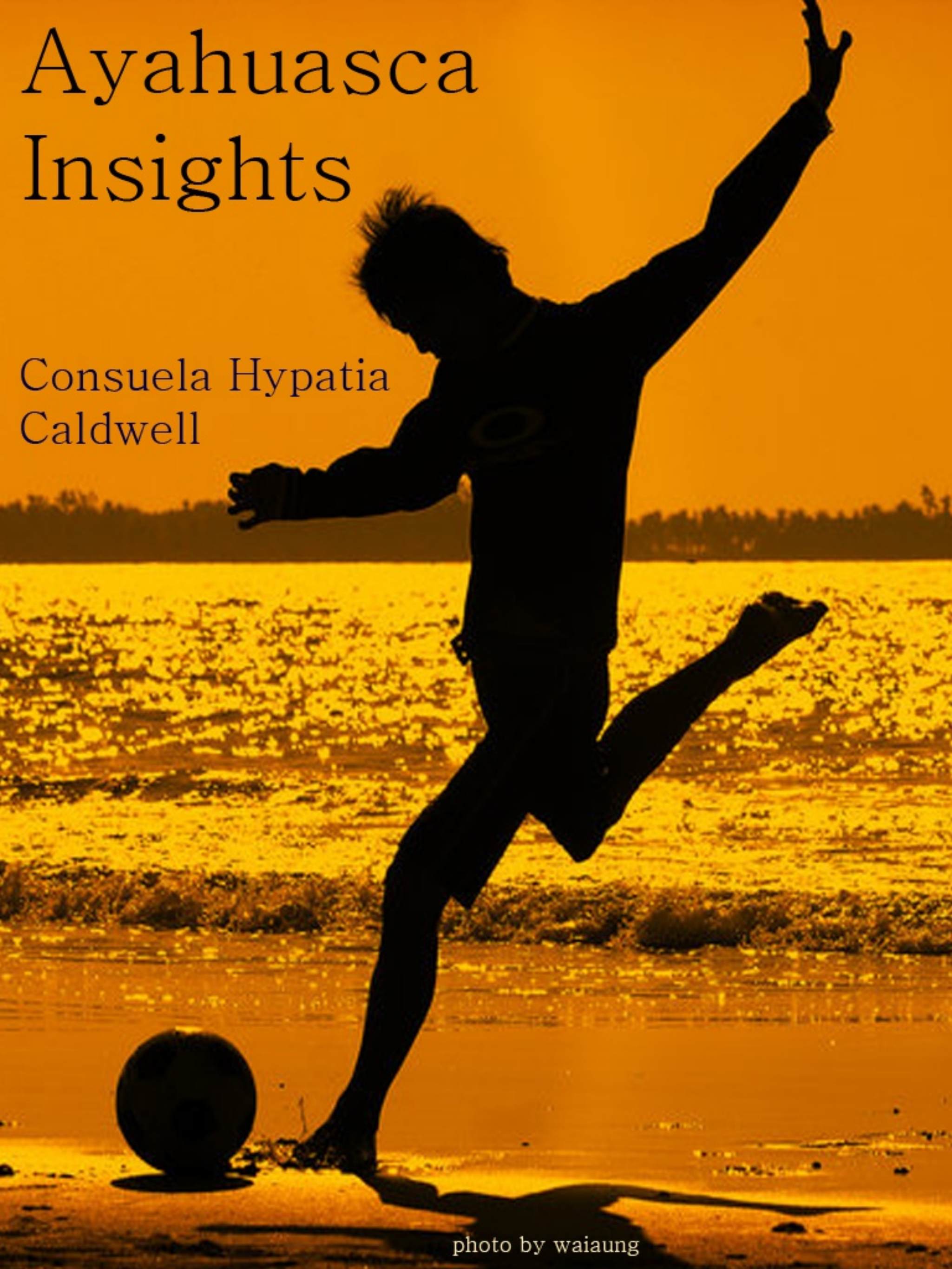


photo by waiaung

It's all energy, positive charges, negative charges.
Positive energy of love, happiness and connection,
Negative energy of grief, sadness, anger and fear.
Our brain functions to sculpt energy, to create our identity as individuals. It filters multi-directional light into a holographic image of the self.

All existence is from the same energy and light.
Our cognitions create the illusions that we,
as individuals, are separate from it all.
Our brains sculpt energy into things separate from ourselves.
And so, external reality is socially constructed, with a tacit, sub-conscious agreement with all things.

To see things any other way is to break the rules.
Like players in a football game, where those involved create the reality, that if the player with the ball steps out of bounds, the play is over.
Reality in context of the game, is that the ball sailing into the goal, means a point has been scored.
This is how meaning is constructed and where it belongs in the context of all things. To say otherwise is cheating.
So is bringing to everyone's attention, that we are all one with everything else in existence.

People influenced by Eastern religions say this but to truly see and acknowledge this reality, is to step out of bounds and walk off the field, telling everyone and everything that you’re done playing. You are going home for the day. Maybe you'll return later in another life to start it all over again.



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